

RUSSIAN ARMY SWEEPS FORWARD VICTORIOUSLY IN AUSTRIAN CAMPAIGN

ADVANCE CONTINUES UNHINDERED IN BUKOWINA. MOSCOW IS THE NEWSP.

ROMANIA PREPARING

Order Preparatory to Casting Lot With Allies in Present Conflict.

Paris, Jan. 8.—(Associated Press.)—The Russian advance in Bukovina has been unimpeded since the capture of the city of Chernivtsi. The Russian army has been victorious in its advance, and the Austrians have been driven back. The Russian army is now moving forward, and the Austrians are being driven back. The Russian army is now moving forward, and the Austrians are being driven back.

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IN FREEZING COLD OFFICER DIRECTS MOVEMENTS OF FAMOUS SCOTTISH REGIMENT



Here is a view of a snow covered British trench on the western battle front where the Cameronians, the famous Scottish regiment, are fighting the rigors of a winter campaign. These sturdy sons of the Highlands, accustomed as they are to the cold of their native hills, feel perfectly at home and think little of the blasts of winter. An officer of the Cameronians is shown directing the movements of some of his commands. Note the "lean-to" which has been built up as quarters for some of the officers. A camp stove and a chair are seen as part of the trench equipment.

KROONLAND HEROES GIVEN U. S. HONORS

Captain and Crew Who Rescued Passengers From Burning Vessel Receive Gifts Today.

OFFERS SUBSTITUTE TO U. S. MARINE BILL

Senator Cummings Has Proposition to Sell Canal Bonds to Pay Cost of New Idea.

PRESENT HIGH WHEAT NO GAIN TO FARMER

Head of United States Market Bureau Says Most of Crop Has Proven Profitable to Elevator Men.

WAR OFFICE FROWNS ON THE HOME GUARDS

Lord Kitchener Does Not Express Favorable Opinion to Semi-Military Organizations.

RESTLESS CANADIANS WILL GET IN BATTLE

London, Jan. 8.—(Associated Press.)—Part of the Canadian contingent, the members of which have been rather restless under their command of training on Salisbury Plain, has now been given a chance to show the men's fighting abilities in the trenches in northern France.

LOCAL BRIEF ITEMS.

Returned to Home: Miss Camilla Thiele and her brother, Anthony Thiele, arrived in Janesville this morning from Paris, where Miss Thiele has been confined in a hospital for some weeks past. She is reported as slightly improved, but will be followed by the Scottish regiment of the contingent and later by other units, some of which have been attached to British regiments.

HOW OFFICER MADE ESCAPE FROM CAMP

Finland Skipper Escaped from German Camp by Crawling Out of Moving Train.

PERRY VAN POOL IS CHOSEN VICE-HEAD

Janesville Contractor Chosen State Officer at Builders' and Traders' Session Today.

WILSON UTTERANCE CAUSES DISCUSSION

Remark Made in Indianapolis Speech is Various Interpreted by Friends of President.

DECREASE IS SHOWN IN LONDON DIRECTORY.

(Correspondence of The A. P.)—London, Jan. 9.—For the first time in years a new edition of London's city directory shows a shrinkage. The 1914 directory exactly 15 pounds. The directory for 1915 was wasted away to 14 ounces. Part of the two ounce loss is due to the disappearance of German and Austrian firms.

QUICK DRYING VARNISH CAUSES A LIVER DISEASE.

(Correspondence of The A. P.)—London, Jan. 8.—A new liver disease caused by a quick drying varnish, and to which varnishers and painters may be subject, was discovered here by Dr. Bernard Spillars and Dr. Wilcox, the eminent pathologists. In an autopsy upon a workman who had been employed at the Heston aircraft factory.

EGYPT'S NEW SULTAN PROMISES OBEDIENCE

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WIMBORNE GIVEN IMPORTANT POST

Baron Wimborne, who last summer took to the United States the victorious British polo team, has been appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, in succession to the Marquis of Aberdeen. The baron will take office February 17.

SAN FRANCISCO TO OPEN MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM.

(SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE) San Francisco, Jan. 9.—San Francisco's new municipal auditorium will be opened tonight, a grand fancy ball will be the first gathering under its roof.

INDIAN POTENTATE GIVES AUTOS TO KING GEORGE.

(Correspondence of The A. P.)—London, Jan. 9.—A fleet of forty-one motor-ambulances, four officers' cars, five motor trucks and ten motor-cycles has been presented to King George for the use of his army by the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior. The cars after the presentation at Buckingham Palace were reviewed by the King, Queen, the Princess Mary and Prince Henry. The King then sent a personal telegram of thanks to the Indian potentate.

PEOPLE ARE "EYE MINDED"

Of all the physical senses none is so easily impressed as that of sight. A pretty picture, a bright color, a striking phrase catches the eyes and sticks fast in the memory.

THE NEW SULTAN OF EGYPT.

The new sultan of Egypt, Prince Hussein Kemal, though very French in his sympathies, has promised to be obedient to the English government. He is an uncle of Khedive Abbas II, who was deposed on the outbreak of the war because his sympathies were too strongly pro-Turk.

EXCHANGE OPERATOR ENDS LIFE AS WHEAT RISE BRINGS CRASH

G. F. STRINGER, JR., KILLS HIMSELF AS COMPANY'S FAILURE IS ANNOUNCED.

SUFFER HEAVY LOSSES

Firm Reported to Have Been "Caught on Short Side" in Wheat Speculation, Losing \$160,000.

New York, Jan. 9.—G. F. Stringer, Jr., the junior member of the stock exchange firm of Stringer & Company, shot himself and died instantly in his office shortly after the suspension of that firm was announced today on the floor of the stock exchange.

C. A. Decker, counsel for the firm, said that Stringer & Company had been "badly caught on the short side" in the sensational rise of the wheat market and has failed for about \$160,000. The firm of Stringer & Company was organized May 23, 1912. It consisted of G. T. Stringer, Sr., and his son of the same name. At the time of his organization, the young Stringer had not attained his majority. Recently after he had reached the age of 21 he was admitted as a partner. He was married.

BUILDING MATERIAL IS SCARCE IN WAR DISTRICT.

(Correspondence of The A. P.)—London, Jan. 9.—Plank houses with tarred paper roofs are sorely needed for shelter of peasants in the area ravaged by war, according to A. E. Harvey, the head of a committee of architects, doctors and nurses engaged in formulating a policy of reconstruction in Belgium and parts of France.

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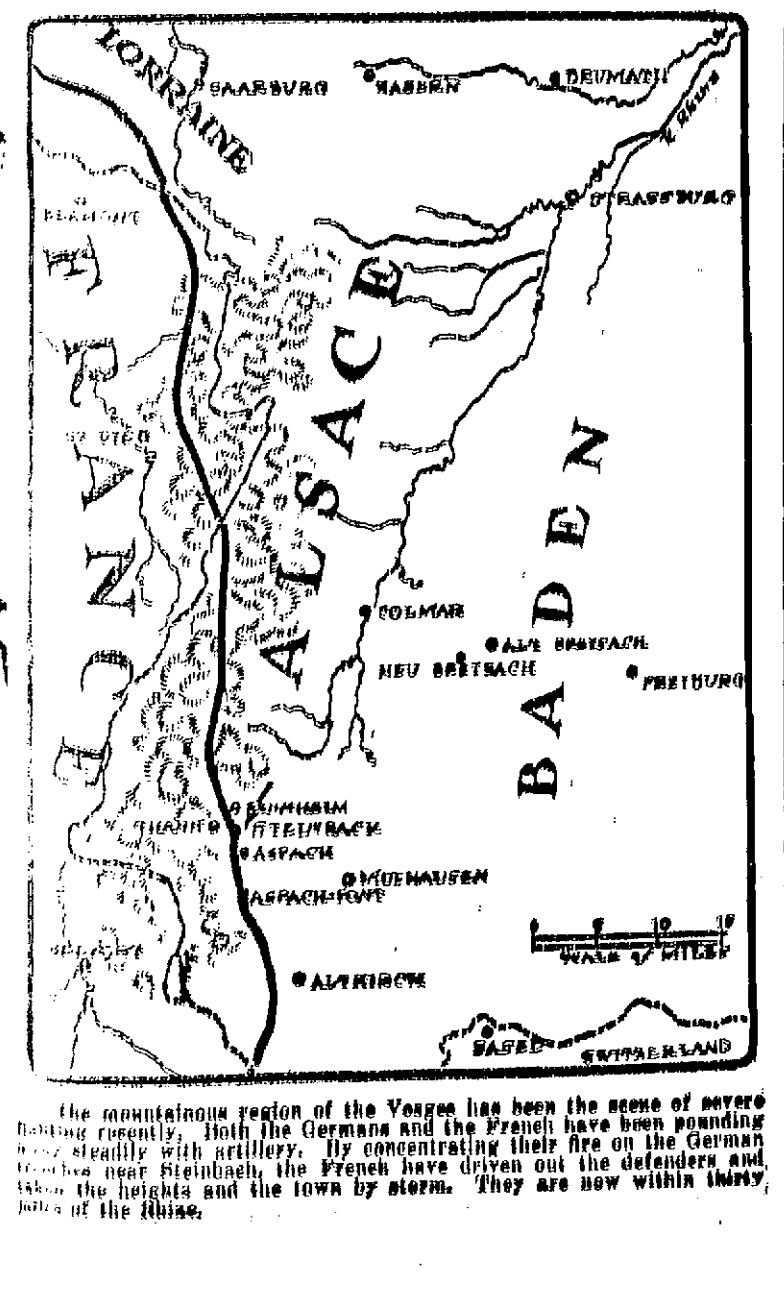
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The Janesville Gazette
New Bldg. 200-201 E. Milwaukee St.
Entered at the Postoffice at Janesville, Wis., as Second Class Matter, May 19, 1904.
BUSINESS OFFICE OPEN SATURDAY EVENING.
Member of Associated Press.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.
Member of Wisconsin Daily League.
WEATHER FORECAST.
Fair tonight and followed by a clearing in the morning. Cloudiness Sunday, with a slight rain or snow in the afternoon.

DAILY EDITION
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
One Year \$3.00
Six Months \$1.50
Three Months .75
One Month .25
CASH IN ADVANCE
CITY DELIVERY IN ROCK COUNTY
One Year \$3.00
Six Months \$1.50
Three Months .75
One Month .25
The publication of Obituary Notices, Resolutions, Cards of Thanks, etc., can be made at the per cent. of 10 of 6 words each. Church and lodge announcements free. Insertion of notices in the columns of the paper for which a charge is to be made. These and subsequent insertions of any notice are made at the place.

GAZETTE DECEMBER CIRCULATION.
Sworn circulation statement of the Daily Gazette circulation of December, 1914.
Days Copies Days Copies
1 7675 17 7649
2 7675 18 7675
3 7675 19 7675
4 7675 20 Sunday 7675
5 7675 21 7675
6 Sunday 22 7680
7 7675 23 7680
8 7675 24 7680
9 7675 25 Holiday 7680
10 7675 26 7642
11 7675 27 Sunday 7642
12 7675 28 7642
13 Sunday 29 7642
14 7675 30 7642
15 7675 31 8000
16 7648
Total 199,691
199,691 divided by 30 total no. of issues, 7680 Daily average.
This is a correct report of the circulation of the Janesville Daily Gazette for December, 1914, and represents the actual numbers of papers printed and circulated.
H. H. BLISS, Mgr.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this second day of January, 1915.
(Seal) O. C. HOMBERGER, Notary Public.
My commission expires July 26, 1918.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.
In his own forceful style, Irvin S. Cobb of the Saturday Evening Post, writing in the Red Cross Magazine for January, tells of the misery he saw during his recent trip in the European war zone. Speaking of those made homeless and destitute by the war, he says in part:
"I saw them tramping aimlessly along wind-swept, rain-washed roads, fleeing from burning and devastated villages. I saw them sleeping in open fields upon the dry earth with no cover and no shelter. I saw them herded together in the towns and cities from which many of them ultimately fled, existing on scraps of food. I saw them—ragged, hungry, shivering—proving in the shattered ruins of their houses, seeking salvage where there was no salvage to be found. I saw them living like the beasts of the field, upon such things as the beasts of the field would reject. I saw them standing in long lines waiting for their poor share of the dole of a charity which already was nearly exhausted. I saw their towns when hardly one stone stood upon another. I saw their abandoned farm lands where the harvest rotted in the furrows and the fruit hung mildewed and ungathered upon the trees. I saw their cities where trade was dead and credit was a thing which no longer existed. I saw them staggering from weariness of hunger. I saw all these sights repeated and multiplied infinitely—yes, and magnified, too—but not once did I see a man or woman or even a child that wept or cried out."

The American press is being criticized by some people for publishing too much war news, and too many stories of destitution and suffering resulting from the awful carnage now going on in the old world. While it may be possible that this kind of publicity is commanding too much attention, the fact remains that it is the greatest human interest story that the world has ever produced and so absorbs public sympathy that every mind is filled with it.
There are two or three reasons why this war news should be kept constantly before the American people. In the first place we are attempting to feed a population of seven million destitute Belgians, not for a day, but for a period so indefinite that it means continuous effort and organized charity for many months to come.
Our generous impulses were stirred to the center when the first call was sent out for aid, and responses were most liberal, but this is not a problem of impulse. It presents staying qualities, such as we have never experienced.
Stories, like the one written by Mr. Cobb, are necessary to impress upon our minds the importance of continuous effort. These are not stories. They are fragments of the saddest history ever written, and while they read like a romance in tragedy, they are all too true.
It matters not what we gave last month or last year, the demand is still upon us, and it should be recognized as a sacred obligation. These people are victims of a war for which they are in no way responsible, and they are entitled to the most generous sympathy.
The question of feeding seven million people is so immense that it is difficult to grasp. If the population of Chicago and New York City was all in the bread line, it would be an easier proposition to deal with, and

while every state in the union is today organized for relief work, the best we have thus far been able to do is to dole out half rations of bread and soup twice a day to starving Belgians.
When calamity comes to a local community, a little outside help and plenty of home ambition, soon restore normal conditions, but this war is different. Belgium today is a devastated country. Every able-bodied man is in the army. All kinds of business is suspended, and all incomes cut off.
The press is the medium of publicity on which the people depend for news and information and it would be peculiar to its trust. If it failed to keep the people informed.
Another reason why this great world tragedy is of absorbing interest is because of the relation which the United States sustains to the nations of the world. The eyes of all nations are today focused on America. She is the one great nation at once with all mankind. The envy of the down-trodden and oppressed, and the rival of all empires and dynasties.
A Monk who lived at the beginning of the 17th century was endowed with prophetic vision and his forecast of the war now raging is so true to existing conditions that it reads like current history. It remains to be seen whether his peace program will be fulfilled. If it is, all the nations of the old world will become Christian. Militarism will be abolished and every man will become a sovereign.

The trend of events is certainly in this direction. When nations call to active service all of their able-bodied men below the age of forty-five, and destruction follows as a matter of course. It is now doing. It means the annihilation of a generation, with nothing to take its place save an army of old men and cripples.
It means more than that, for the boys of the new generation inherit a legacy of bankruptcy and complete demoralization, to say nothing of the sad legacy of orphanage and sorrow. Under these conditions, which are not imaginary, the time will be ripe for a new alignment.
When the time comes, America, in the full vigor of national strength, will be loaded with new responsibilities. The nation has long been the refuge of the oppressed, from every land, and heroes today an army of adopted citizens. When the new map of the world is made up, America will be consulted, for her judgment commands respect, and her advice will be carefully considered.

The time is always ripe for a word of appreciation and it is always ripe for a word of warning. Pictures of peace and to the cheerful outlook for prosperity, which looms large over our national borders.
We have had the good fortune to pass through a season of depression without a panic and this alone is cause for rejoicing. While many of our industrial centers have felt, and still feel, the pinch of hard times, wage scales have been maintained, and a well stocked money market has prevented complete stagnation.
Every day reports new furnace fires and renewed activity, and there is every reason to believe that old time prosperity will soon be restored. The people are learning some useful lessons in regard to thrift, and all over the country banks are encouraging small savings with gratifying results. The muck-raker and the agitator have had their day, and with a little time for sober thought the nation has been launched on an era of common sense and sanity.
The spirit of optimism is abroad in the land and the outlook is so hopeful that the clouds of doubt have been dispelled and confidence is being rapidly restored.
American railroads, feeling the stimulus of better treatment by the government, are in the market with liberal orders for supplies and equipment. The Baltimore and Ohio placed orders this week for 2,000 freight cars and 25,000 tons of steel.
The opening of a new year is always the crucial test for business, because it is the inventory period, where annual balance sheets tell the story of profit and loss.
While a few dividends have been passed and others have reduced, conditions generally are satisfactory, and business enters the new year with bright prospects.
The month of January tests the moral fibre of many of us because it is so highly flavored with taxation, and by the time we get through wrestling with the income blank puzzle we haven't strength enough left to swear intelligently, and so we simply say "damn it," and thank the Lord that the annoyance only comes once a year. This is once too often, so far as the state tax is concerned, and the law ought to be repealed. The federal government is looking after incomes with persistent regularity, these days, and one annoyance of this kind is enough.
But the days are growing longer and an early spring is promised. With the coming of buds and blossoms, ice will soon be a luxury, high taxes will be forgotten, and the sun shine of prosperity will again bless the land like a benediction. If you can't be supremely happy, be as happy as you can and don't get cold feet.

OBLIGING.
Elderly Lady—Do you take instantaneous photographs?
"Photograph me, ma'am, step in and I'll take you before you're a minute older."



On the Spur of the Moment
ROY K. MOULTON
It might be worse. Say, what are you kickin' about any more? Though down below zero the record drops? Just think what you've got to be grateful for. You might be at a corner cop. Why twine up your features and growl. And swear until all of the epithets fail. Because you might shiver when first you get out of bed? You might be peddlin' milk. Why curse at the climate from morning till night. Because it's a snappy and blizzardy day? You might be a whole lot worse off than you are. You might be drivin' a dray.

The Hot Stove League.
Around the stove in the grocery store. Fifteen or twenty, or maybe more, get together each winter night. To get all the country's ills right. And all of the grave affairs of state. Are thrashed out neatly in joint debate. They talk in a learned way for hours of our relations with foreign powers. They talk religion and outdoor sport. And show the acts of the supreme court. Financial system, of course, is wrong. And each one has said so all along. But each one has got a different way to straighten it out and save the day. Before they settle it dead to rights, Groceryman Jukky turns out the lights. He furnishes all the oil and wood. Though he can't see exactly why he should. So he hurries them home at the hour of ten. A crowd of anxious and earnest men, With many grave questions in the air. That they might have solved if they'd lingered there. And the night is left to its fate. And all of the grave affairs of state Must slumber until they meet once more. Around the stove in the grocery store.

Farewell, Whiskers.
There is gloom among the doctors of Massachusetts. A representative in the legislature has introduced a bill prohibiting doctors and dentists from wearing whiskers. According to the bill all styles, including the Tip Van Whiskers, the G. Bernard Shaws and Marso Wattersons, must go. "Where will our dignity be?" ask the doctors who wear Van Dykes. "And how can we ever be doctors without sideburns?" "They carry germs, and must go," says the legislator. Of course, if it is a man's own fault, he must wear what he wants. It does not interfere with the peace, dignity or health of the public. Anyhow, the doctors should not complain. They are the ones who discovered that there were germs in whiskers. Gradually the whisker is getting what is coming to it. It was a mistake in the first place, and has survived long enough.

The Truth.
From sentiment I do not sing. Aneat the joys of gentle spring. Oh, no, indeed! Oh, no! I do not care a thinker's hang About the fresh inspiring tang. Found in the winds that blow. The new-mown hay in summer time Is not, to me, a thing sublime; I shun the pasture lot. Let others rave and sing they die About the beautiful summer sky; I only know it's hot. The fall does not appeal to me— That, not particularly, I shun it, of it, of course, I find I laid the golden autumn leaves And wheat arrayed in fulsome sheaves, But it is a case of force.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
At Janesville, in the State of Wisconsin, at the close of business, December 31, 1914.
RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts \$ 844,196.94
Overdrafts; unsecured, \$201.54 201.54
U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value) 75,000.00 75,000.00
Other bonds to secure postal savings 12,000.00 12,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc., on hand (other than stocks), including premiums on same 238,401.69 238,401.69
Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve Bank 12,600.00 12,600.00
Less amount unpaid 10,500.00 2,100.00 2,100.00
Banking houses, \$57,862.46; furniture and fixtures, \$10,896.58 68,759.04 17,500.00
Due from Federal Reserve bank 17,500.00
Due from approved reserve agents in central reserve cities 127,005.90
Due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities 32,215.02 159,220.92 7,671.33
Due from banks and bankers (other than above) 1,622.08
Outside checks and other cash items, \$1,211.19; fractional currency \$410.39 1,622.08
Checks on banks in the same city or town as report 6,475.88 2,948.00
Notes of other national banks 2,948.00
Lawful money reserve in bank:
Specie 48,987.90 58,287.90
Legal-tender notes 9,290.00 3,760.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent on circulation) 3,760.00
Total \$1,498,132.62
LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in 125,000.00 85,000.00
Surplus fund 563,669.48
Undivided profits 3,000.00
Reserved for taxes 6,500.00 583,669.49
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid 4,648.88 59,020.61
Circulating notes 75,000.00
Less amount on hand and in Treasury for redemption or in transit 3,650.00 71,350.00
Due to banks and bankers (other than above) 46,537.94 25.00
Dividends unpaid 25.00
Demand deposits:
Individual deposits subject to check 337,187.76
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days 149,529.36
Certified checks 5,441.00
Cashier's checks outstanding 2,884.18
Postal savings deposits 5,338.00
State and municipal deposits 35,490.28
Deposits with notice of less than 30 days 107,469.14 639,689.72
Time deposits:
Deposits subject to 30 or more days' notice 471,509.35 471,509.35
Total \$1,498,132.62
State of Wisconsin, County of Rock—
J. H. S. Haggart, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
H. S. Haggart, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of January, 1915
LOUIS A. AVERY, Notary Public.

You see, it's just this way. In verse, I must sing each day. In summer, spring and fall. For them I do not care a dang. But I must sing about something. Or I don't eat, that's all.
Uncle Abner. Elder Hudnutt of the Hardshell church says that the official board will send to Baltimore soon for an oyster, and the annual round of oyster suppers will begin. Next to havin' the dentist pull the wrong tooth, the most unpleasant thing I know of is payin' his bill. Old Nature gets a jolt every once in a while. In the olden days the gals used to wear red flannel underclothes and about four hundred pounds of garments, including yarn muffer and a dozen petticoats and every one of 'em caught cold eight or ten times a winter. Now they wear nothing but a smile and a meekness, looking all-pale, low shoes and transparent stockings, and haven't seen a gal with a cold in five years.

SAYS U. S. IS READY TO REPEL ANY FOE



Hon. James Hay.
Chairman James Hay of the house military affairs committee believes that Uncle Sam's army is fit and ready for all the wars this country is likely to have any time soon. He takes issue with Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts, who declares the country is without adequate protection.

CASCARETS KEEP BOWELS REGULAR AND CURE COLDS

NO HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, BAD COLD OR CONSTIPATION BY MORNING.

Get a 10-cent box. Colds—whether in the head or any part of the body—are quickly overcome by urging the liver to action and keeping the bowels free of poison. Take Cascarets tonight and you will wake up with a clear head and no doubt you will wonder what became of your cold. Cascarets work while you sleep; they cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the bowels. Remember the quickest way to get rid of colds is one or two Cascarets at night to cleanse the system. Get a 10-cent box at any drug store. Don't forget the children. They relish this Candy Cathartic and it is often all that is needed to drive a cold from their little systems.

Evansville News
Evansville, Jan. 9.—The first basketball game of the season was played here last night between the local High School team and Edgerton High. The resultant score was a tremendous victory for our boys, being 17-55 in their favor despite the fact that the opposing team was much heavier.
The Evansville line-up was as follows:
Durner, Center; Adams, Tuller, Baker, Cain, Jones, Forwards.
Cain starred making ten baskets. Lawrence Ballard pleasantly entertained about twenty of his boy and girl friends at a theatre party last night after which the guests were taken to the Ballard home where they enjoyed a delightful supper and pleasant social evening.
Port Lay was a Janesville business visitor yesterday.
Miss Cora Morgan of Madison is spending the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morgan.
C. C. Colony was a Janesville business visitor yesterday.
Arthur Broughton was a Madison business visitor yesterday.
Wm. Johnson made a business trip to Janesville Friday afternoon.
Rev. Cooley of Whitewater is visiting local friends a few days this week.
W. W. Gillies was a Janesville business visitor Friday.
Frank Mount of Janesville made a business visit in the city yesterday.
R. M. Richmond, was a Janesville business visitor Friday.
W. S. Gollmar, wife and son, Walter of Baraboo, arrived last night for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Main.
E. Van Patten made a business trip to Janesville Friday.
W. R. Phillips was a business visitor at the Bower City yesterday.
Miss Lillian Spencer of Brooklyn, is spending the week end at her parental home.
Mrs. Elizabeth Lehman visited friends at Janesville Friday.
Charles Cushman of Taylor is visiting local relatives this week.
Mrs. Harry Lee spent Friday with friends in Janesville.
Miss Vercella Rowley is spending the week end at her home in Janesville.
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Miller visited friends in Janesville Friday.
Mrs. R. E. Shuster and son, Harold returned last night from a visit with the former's sister, Mrs. Arthur Grinde at Mt. Horeb.
E. Gabriel was a business visitor at Janesville Friday.
Lester Bulard has returned from a visit at Toledo, Ohio, and other places in the East.
Rev. D. G. Grabbill was a Janesville caller Friday afternoon.
George Winston of North Dakota, is a guest at the E. W. Winston home this week.
John Fuller made a business trip to Janesville Friday.
Miss Ella Murray returned to her home in Beloit last night after a

visit with Miss Gertrude Tierney of this place.
Miss Marjorie Spencer of Magnolia is spending the week end at her parental home.
Miss Alice Milbrandt of Magnolia is spending Sunday with her mother, Stewart Day was a Janesville caller yesterday.
Mrs. C. A. Fuller and Miss Anna Van Wormer visited Mrs. Charles Winship who is in the hospital at Janesville, yesterday. They report her as recovering nicely from the effects of her recent operation.
Mrs. J. M. Guehring and son spent yesterday with friends at Janesville.
Mrs. Joe Williams was the guest of Footville friends yesterday.
Mrs. A. E. Johnson and son of Janesville visited at the W. J. Hyne home, yesterday.
John Van Vleck of Chicago, is visiting his mother for a few days.
Mr. and Mrs. Belmont Brien of Union, visited Mr. and Mrs. Summer Vardsworth yesterday. They will leave for California the fore part of February and will visit other local friends before leaving.
Mrs. Will Liston of Janesville, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Sperry.
Bert Bullard of Chetek is here, called by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. Dell Bullard.
Allie Bullard was a Janesville business visitor yesterday.
George Noyes made a business trip to Janesville yesterday.
Father McDermott was a caller at Brooklyn yesterday.
Byron Babbett returned last night from Rock Island, where he has been visiting his son for the past few weeks.
Let the want ads help you to get any thing you want.

STOP THAT COUGH—NOW
When you catch cold, or begin to cough, the first thing to do is to take Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It penetrates the linings of the Throat and Lungs and fights the Germs of the Disease, giving quick relief and natural healing. "Our whole family depend on Pine-Tar-Honey for Coughs and Colds," writes Mr. E. Williams, Hamilton, Ohio. It always helps. 25c. at your Druggist.

PRINCESS THEATRE
TODAY
CARDS
A Three-Reel Film
This is an amazing story filled with interest from start to finish.
As usual, we will also run a one-reel Comedy Feature which will be sure to please our audience.
TOMORROW
The Storm of Life
A three-reel picture filled with Human Interest.
This will be followed with a One-Reel Comedy.
Admission 10 cents.

MAJESTIC THEATRE
TONIGHT
Alice Hollister in the 2-act Kalem drama "The False Guardian".
Helen Holmes in "The Plot at the Railroad Cut," the second of Kalem's series of thrilling railroad stories.
"The Hazards of Helen"
Tomorrow
Arthur Johnson in "The Serpent Comes to Eden."
Mary Pickford in "Waiter Number Five."
Francis X. Bushman
Next Friday
Vita-graph's Great Classic "He Never Knew"
Second return date, Anita Stewart in

LYRIC THEATRE
Tonight and Tomorrow
10; Children 5c.
Matinee Tomorrow.
In Defiance of the Law

We Sell the Best and Cheapest Life Insurance Policy Issued By Any Old Line Company.
C. P. BEERS
Agent
2nd Floor, Jackman Bldg.
Both Phones.

Rehberg's Great Clearing Sale
now in progress; hosts of money saving prices now in effect. Come here now for bargains.

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Side Lights On The Circus Business

By
D. W. WATT

After being out and away from the business for so many years, I have often asked myself the question: "Where are they now?" The strong, sturdy men that raised the canvas, the team drivers that drove the heavy wagons from the unloading place to the show grounds; the razor-backs, as they were called in the business, the men that loaded and unloaded the trains.

Old like that for many years was the faithful front-door man that carried the ticket boxes to and from the wagon, and one that could always be depended upon; the boys and girls that on long Sunday runs with their well filled lunch baskets that would gather in my state room and have a table well filled with everything that was good to eat, and pass away an hour or two at lunch, telling stories of the experiences that they had had with other shows or possibly with other countries. "Where are they now?"

Many have answered the last call, and yet there are thousands of others living in different parts of the country, and not so long ago, I heard from an old friend that was running a lunch stand near the depot in a town in California.

Only last Tuesday night I met Edward L. Bloom, manager of the "Hanky Panky" show. For many years Ed. was connected with the John Robinson show of Cincinnati. Uncle John Robinson, as he was called, show business, was a character different from any I ever knew and it was many interesting stories that Ed. Bloom told me of his early days in show business with Uncle John Robinson. Edward Bloom left circus business several years ago, and since that time has been with the best hall show enterprises in the country. When I asked him how long he had been in the business, he said, "I commenced shortly after I learned to walk." There is but few shows that come to Janesville of any size, but what I can always find one or more old friends. So that the question of "Where are they now?" is being answered occasionally by at least a few.

In the wagon show days with Burr Thompkins in 78, when we were going through Kansas and Nebraska, it was my business to be on the lot early in the morning to look after the tents, and get the parade out on time. While doing this I could often hear a few people standing in small groups, make remarks about the show. One morning in a small town in Kansas, there was a small group of four or five men talking, one of whom seemed to occupy the speaker's stand most of the time.

One man ventured to say that it was a much larger show than he expected to see so far west in a small town. Another spoke up and said, "If you lived where I do, you would have thought it was the largest show that ever traveled by wagon. For they commenced to pass our house about two o'clock this morning and everyone of us were up and out to the road and watched the wagons pass for an hour until we thought the last one had gone by, and went back to sleep until morning and had no more wagons back to bed until we heard another string of teams coming and the children all started to get up when I told them if they did not go back to bed, that they could not go to the show in the morning, but I think it must have been daylight when the last wagons went by."

At that moment he turned around and said, "You people must have driven all night to get here." And when I assured him that we had a "back up breakfast" and had left the other town before 10 o'clock the night before, he said, "Then you have to work all day, and drive all night. When do you people have time to sleep?"

I told him that times in the business were supposed to sleep in the winter time. The old man smiled and his eye caught the lettering on one of the wagons, which read, "Built by Buckholz & Company, Janesville, Wis." He turned to me and said, "Johany Schaefer who lives about 22 miles up the valley ought to be here."

John would try to shake hands with every wagon that had Janesville on it. For to hear him talk about Janesville you would think that New York and Chicago got most of their supplies from there, and that it was the most wonderful town. While I never was there, I never had an idea that it was very much of a place. I guess most everything that runs in their runs out again, for I hear it don't grow very fast.

At that time the show made a great hit through that part of the country, for it was the first circus of any size that the people on the frontier had seen.

Now word comes that Al Ringling, the chief of the Ringling Brothers, has bought a site and in the near future will build a beautiful grand opera house for Baraboo, his home town, which will stand as a monument to Al Ringling for many years to come. Baraboo is certainly fortunate in that it is the home and winter quarters of the great Ringling show.

"Richard the Great" is a chimpanzee and he had been billed widely as "the monkey has become a man." This building is none too strong for this animal, because he is the closest thing to a human being that has ever been found in the ranks of the simian family. The chimpanzee is a vaudeville performer. He was seen at the Colonial theater, Chicago, recently, and a capacity house was astounded at some of the tricks he performed. The curtain rises on a full stage, in the center of which is a table set for dinner, the monkey walks on and in a street attire, takes off his hat, hangs it up, removes his overcoat and hangs it up. He seats himself at the table and taps a bell for the waiter. When food is served he eats it with a fork. He puts a lump of sugar in his cup, pours coffee in and adds cream. After drinking it he takes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his lips. Parading of a little wine, he then lights a cigar and smokes. Finally he tips the waiter and leaves the table.

For another feature of the act, Richard takes off his under coat, mounts a bicycle and cuts many stunts around the stage. He balances a lamp on his head and then speeds up, maintaining a wonderful equilibrium. He then rides over obstructions, up a gang plank to the top of a table and down on the other side. He mounts a high wheel and does as well with that as he did with the safety. After this he rides to the table again, pours out some wine, lifts the glass and drinks the fluid with apparent relish. Richard then puts on skates and goes gliding around the stage. By this time he has the audience fascinated. His next trick is to remove his shoes and barefooted stands on a globe. This he rolls in and out between several bowling pins, not touching one of them. As a finish for the act, the trainer appears, spins the ball around rapidly and drops the chimpanzee on it. The monk gets his balance instantly, and having done so rolls to the other side, up the gang plank over the top of the table and down on the other side just as he rode the wheel. "Richard the Great" is a wonder. He kills the audience, arousing them to laughter when he applauds one of his tricks that has been overdone. He also makes fun with the drummer by pretending to drop an Indian club on the musician's head. Harry De Rosa, the trainer, does not appear on the stage except in a strict quarantine on moving. That one showman will help another was proved last week in Philadelphia. Owing to the foot and mouth disease in this section there is a strict quarantine on moving camels from one state to another. Mr. Thompkins was the guest of Manager Cohen, at the Forrest Theater, on Monday night and noticed that the camel was missing from the show. He asked about it and was informed that they could not carry the camel from one state to another. He at once offered Mr. Cohen the use of one of the show's camels for the Philadelphia engagement, which Mr. Cohen accepted. Mr. Wheeler was called by phone at Oxford and all arrangements made with the state authorities for the shipment of the camel. Now Ben Hur has a camel at each performance.

---And the Worst is yet to Come



AMUSEMENTS

AT MYERS THEATRE.

There are so many ideally beautiful scenes in George Kleine's photo drama production, "The Last Days of Pompeii," that it is difficult to find any to praise more than the others. Among the unusual episodes, however, that are particularly pleasing to the discriminating artistic spectators are those showing Glaucus and Ione floating down the Bay of Naples in their beautiful barge, attended only by their slaves and slowly developing that glorious, steadfast love that sustained them in the terrible ordeals that befel them—and the scene showing

AT THE APOLLO.

It is stated that Gabriele D'Annunzio, the foremost Italian poet and dramatist, in writing the scenario for his masterful photo spectacle "Cabiria" to be presented at the Apollo theatre, January 20th, constructed his first and only motion picture spectacle. This information comes from Carlo Scianengo, head of the Italia company of Turin, who made this film. Scianengo says that after the initial presentation of "Cabiria" at the Grand opera house in Rome, D'Annunzio was overwhelmed with offers from nearly every European producer to write for them at his own terms,



JOE DANIELS, MONOLOGIST AND IMPERSONATOR, NOW PLAYING AT THE MYERS THEATRE.

lone at her bath, receiving the message from Arbaces to come to the Temple. This is one of the most beautiful pictures of the group and gives an excellent idea of the luxurious manner in which the wealthy ancients performed these functions. Both the homes of Glaucus and Ione are gorgeous specimens of ancient beauty and luxury, denoting the artistic quality of the people of those times. The scene showing Ione and Glaucus feeding the fish and doves is exquisite in its quaintness.

"The Last Days of Pompeii" is a photo-dramatization of Lord Bulwer Lytton's widely read romance novel and is announced for one day only matinee and evening at Myers Theatre on Thursday for January 14.

AT MYERS THEATRE.

Numerically it is doubtful if a more pretentious collection of musical-comedy stars ever visited this city than will be seen and heard here Monday, Jan. 12, at the Myers Theatre, in the Rock-Pulcinella Company's production of the season's fun and song-show success, "The Candy Shop," direct from a long run at the La Salle Opera House, Chicago. Topping the list is William Rock and Maude Fulton, the nationally famous travesty stars who are admittedly a show in themselves. In the entire world it is doubtful if there is a team of singers and dancers better known or in a more advanced class. Besides having been featured in the original New York run of "The Candy Shop," Mr. Rock is credited with the arrangement of the various songs and dance numbers in this production, and in company with his team-mate he figures conspicuously throughout the entire show. Among the supporting principals are James Sullivan, principal comedian last year in "The Rose Maid"; Ted Burns, whose comedy eccentricities have been known, was last season with Lew Fields in New York City; Ida Gold, an American stage beauty and gifted soprano, during the two previous seasons she scintillated in Whitney's production of "The Chocolate Soldier"; Daphne Pollard is a recruit from vaudeville who has been a consistent and persistent hit from the day that the show first opened, and her initiation of Laddie Cliff, the English singing and dancing comedian, has stamped her a real artist. Others who have managed to hit the limelight glare are Florence Morrison, recently of "The Siren" Company; Clara Randall, the nominal owner of the "Alimony Sisters," and Harry Girard, juvenile actor. The chorus, and particularly the tall, stately and beautiful "Candy Shop" show girls are the pick of Broadway's best, as selected there with unusual care and precision to form and looks last summer by William Rock and Maude Fulton.

English Version.

American ragtime has held London in its grip for months and there seems to be small chance of any abatement in the craze. However, some of the songs must travel very slowly across the 3,000 miles of deep sea, for their words and meaning get terribly twisted now and then. An American, returning the other day, brought with him a story of raucous-voiced and chicken-feather-bated coster women swaying their shoulders with their "pearly prices" to the strains of an American song that turned out to be: "Hoh, it's gyle, myte, wyth' hon the levy, wyth' for the Robert E. Lee."—New York Tribune.

AT MYERS THEATRE.

McIntyre and Heath, with their world's greatest dancing chorus, will be the attraction at Myers Theatre, Monday, January 26th in a magnificent revival of George V. V. Hoster and Jean Schwartz musical comedy, "The Ham Tree." The production is staged by Ned Weyburn, whose direction in this particular style of stage novelty is pre-eminent.

Apollo

The management announces for January 20th, matinee and evening, a presentation of Gabrielle D'Annunzio's masterpiece

Cabiria

A stupendous spectacle. The last word in motion picture tableaux. A historical vision of the third century B. C.

Reserve your seats early. Tickets now selling at 60c.

VAUDEVILLE RE-OPENS AT MYERS THEATRE

Excellent Bill Consisting of Three Headline Acts Reopen Vaudeville Season Last Eve.

It is too bad that there couldn't have been a larger audience to enjoy last evening's show. The attraction is well worth anyone's time and the price of admission. The leading feature is the Apollo Trio, Living Statues in Bronze. Not a word is spoken throughout the entire act, while the beautiful posing and superior feats of strength elicited round after round of applause. Each of the trio is possessed of magnificent physique—and it is said that this act has not an equal on the vaudeville stage. Surely it is a worthy act. The Longworths were very well received, being possessed of excellent voices. They rendered several songs in a pleasing manner and then proceeded to keep the audience in an uproar of laughter with their silent yet active partners portraying "The Perils of Pauline."

Joe Daniels appears as a character monologist in songs and stories and imitates a number of the prominent comedians, Harry Lauder, James Thornton, Bert Williams and others, in a most able manner. This act is full of clean, wholesome humor.

The Chicago Herald Movies showed several recent happenings in and near Chicago, while a beautifully colored version of "The Perils of Pauline" was shown through the medium of a Pathe Freres picture.

In all the bill is well balanced and provides an hour and a half of good entertainment.

Two Would Not Go Together.

A certain deacon was one of the best of men, but by nature very frangible. A cow was so exceedingly disorderly, as the deacon was attempting to milk her one morning, that the old Adam got the better of him and he vented his excited feelings in a volley of execrations very unbecomingly in their character. At this moment the good deacon's pastor appeared unexpectedly on the scene and announced his presence by saying:

"Why, deacon! Can it be? Are you swearing?"

"Well, parson," replied the deacon, "I didn't think of any one being near by, but the truth is, I never shall enjoy religion as long as I keep this cow."

APOLLO

MONDAY

Matinee and Evening
Daniel Frohman
Presents

JOHN BARMORE

in the celebrated Comedy
Success
THE MAN FROM MEXICO
in five reels by the Famous
Players Company.

TUESDAY

Matinee and Evening
ACROSS THE PACIFIC

A Blaney feature photoplay in five acts. A picturization of the play by that name made famous by Harry Clay Blaney.

WEDNESDAY

Matinee and Evening
Jesse L. Lasky
Presents

EDWARD ABELES

in James Montgomery's highly interesting drama
READY MONEY
in five acts and 308 scenes.

4-BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS-4

Tonight and Sunday,
Matinee tomorrow.

6-Musical Girls-6

Novelty Musical and Singing Act.

Pete Baker

Yodler and Singer. Singing in 10 different dialects.

Elsie Cole

Dainty Singing Comedienne.

Franklena & Violetta

Novelty Acrobatic Artists.

Three performances daily:
Matinee at 2:30; Evening at 7:30 and 9:00 o'clock.

Admission:
Matinee, 10c; Evening, 10c and 20c.



A. Cosack.
Find two Russian peasants.

MYERS THEATRE

Monday, January 18

Fastest Musical Comedy Ever Produced

William & Maude ROCK & FULTON

THE CANDY SHOP

All star cast—Beauty Chorus of 50—Direct From La Salle Theater, Chicago.

Something Doing Every Minute.
Book and Lyrics by Geo. V. Hobart. Music by John L. Golden.
PRICES: First 12 rows main floor, \$1.50; balance main floor \$1.00; first 2 rows balcony, \$1.00; next 4 rows balcony, 75c; balance balcony, 50c; gallery, 25c; box seats, \$1.50.

Mail orders now accepted if accompanied by check or money order. Tickets on sale at box office, Saturday, January 16th, at 9 A. M.

MYERS THEATRE

EXTRA SPECIAL

High Class Western Vaudeville

We take pleasure in presenting for your approval the following three high-class Western Vaudeville acts tonight and tomorrow matinee and evening.

APOLLO TRIO

Europe's Greatest Athletic Novelty, in the only act of its kind—The Living Bronze.

JOE DANIELS

Character Monologist in Songs and Stories. Introducing imitations of Prominent Comedians.

THE LONGWORTHS

And their silent yet active partners in a novelty singing act: "A Bit of Melody and a Bit of Mirth."

Special Universal Program in addition to above.

ADMISSION—Matinee, 10c. Evening, children 10c; adults 20c.

MYERS THEATRE

Thursday, January 14
Matinee and Evening

PICTURE SUPREME

GEORGE KLEINE

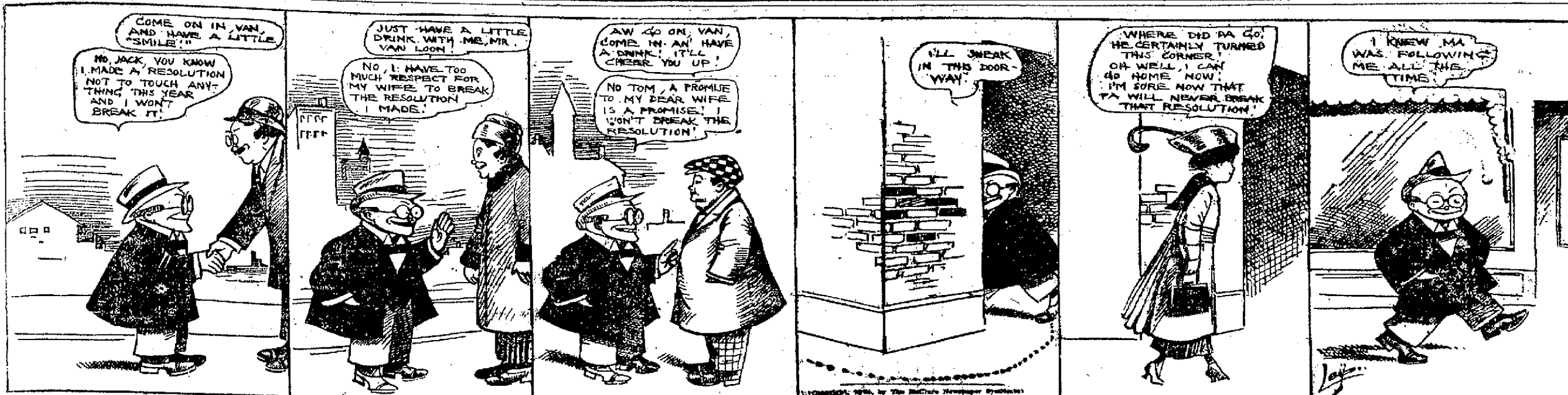
Presents the Photo Drama Company's Production of

"The Last Days of Pompeii"

In six parts. Made at Pompeii, Italy, from the novel by Lord Bulwer Lytton.

Another famous Kleine picture.

Price: All seats, matinee or evening, 10c.



DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS—As Far as Mother Knows Everything Is Still O. K.

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT FOR THIS PAPER MADE WITH THE UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING CO.

(Copyright, 1914, by John Fleming Wilson.)

"All right," she said. "I'll be ready in an hour."

John smiled. "All right; I'll take you over in the motor truck or shall we ride to Silent Valley?"

"I've never been to New York," she said timidly, and with that inconsequential logic which renders her, she added, "Let's ride. I'll take Patsy and you can ride Black Joe."

Dorr did not understand at all that in leaving her home for the great strange city she wished her last hours to be filled with sunshine and a familiar rest of scurrying over dry California on half broken horses.

"All right, we'll ride," he said. "While you are getting ready I'll write a letter to George Everett."

Ruth laid one slender hand on John's shoulder.

"You're always doing things for me, John," she said simply. "Some day I'll do something for you." She slipped away without a backward glance.

Dorr watched her trip down the hill toward her own little bungalow, and it seemed to him as if he held one end of a golden thread that she was spinning through sunshine. It was anchored in his heart. That thread would be 3,000 miles long before she saw good old Everett. He picked up his pen and wrote rapidly:

"Master Key" Mine, June —
George Everett, 111 Broadway, New York City:

Dear George—When a young, slender, brown-eyed, golden-haired girl walks into your office and says, "I'm Ruth Gallon," and hands you the papers that she will care to her little hand book, please see that she gets \$10,000. Ever yours,
JOHN DORR.

He would have added more. His finger instinct told him that Ruth should be the first to put the whole scheme before the cool-headed, rather cold-hearted George Everett. He addressed the envelope and sealed it. Then he went to the telephone and called up the station at Silent Valley.

"Bill," he said quietly after listening a moment to see if any one was on the line, "I want to send a telegram. Take it over the wire, please. I'll be down in a little while and pay you."

"Sure," roared back a cheerful voice. "I wish my credit was as good as yours, ten miles away, but it seems as if I have to be always present when I ask for it. Go ahead, John!"

"This is it, Bill," said John:

George Everett, 111 Broadway, New York City:

Miss Ruth Gallon leaves tonight to see you about "Master Key" stock. Meet her and wire me on her arrival. Take good care of her or I'll take care of you.
JOHN DORR.

The operator repeated the message and involuntarily adopted a little of John's savage intonation on the last four words. It woke him up to the fact that he was allowing his feelings to become public. He began to see why it was that men looked at him strangely at times, when it was a question of Ruth's interests. He must restrain himself.

The operator did not hang up immediately, but said hesitatingly: "Say, John, there's a wire here; just came in from 'The Master Key' mine. It does not seem to jibe with yours. Wilkerson sent it."

"I'll play fair," said John to himself, and he called back over the wire. "Bill, that's yours and Wilkerson's business, not mine." If he had listened to the tenor of the message directed to him, John Dorr, in New York, he would have learned what Wilkerson was plotting.

For years Wilkerson had built up for himself a golden image in Jean Darnell. No one realized better than himself that she was a creature of appetite, a lover of silk and velvet. A woman whose eyes widened at sight of a Persian cat. Feminine in every degree, womanly in none. But he himself, dominated absolutely, utterly and completely by his desires, had fallen under her spell, and he was going to win her, no matter how. It is a strange thing that when a dishonest man finally yields to an honest passion nothing will satisfy him but the utmost observance of the ritual of society. Harry Wilkerson's vision was of walking up the aisle of a great church to meet his bride at the altar.

Yet he had always thought of her in terms of gold; that was a contrast—the pallid, satiny, blue-eyed woman, voluptuous, soft—and his image of her built of yellow gold, dragged out of the bowels of "The Master Key" mine. This image was, now before his eyes:

Instead of the warm, sun-blessed California hills, with their faint scent of sage and cactus, he saw a richly furnished room and breathed the odor of attar of roses. Let us not follow him in his dreams. But looking over his shoulder an hour later he read:

"Master Key" Mine, June —
Jean Darnell, Astor House, New York City:

Find George Everett at 111 Broadway and meet him. Tell him that this evening, introduce him to me. Tell him that you have seen Everett and keep the girl to yourself until I can arrange matters.
HARRY WILKERSON.

"I can't send this through any office near here," he thought, "so I guess I'll ride down to Valley Vista and hand it to the conductor. He can send it from Los Angeles."

Three days later Ruth Gallon settled herself in the seat of a Pullman that was soon to leave Chicago for New York. She was excited. In crossing town from one depot to another through the streets roaring with traffic she had heard sounds that had never met her ears before—the sounds of the world's business which, oddly enough, seemed to be mostly bawled over cobblestones. The faint echo of that noise still rang in her ears. It appalled her to think that she must dwell with men who lived in such an atmosphere; also she felt very lonely. She thought of the mine, of Tom Kane in the door of his cook's suitor, of the great ore bucket swinging across the gulch toward the mill, of John, bending over his blue prints and papers; of the grave on the hill where her father lay, still within the precincts of "The Master Key."

It had been so impressed upon her that her mission was of vital importance to the mine, that these emotions flowed into the same channel with her really keen business instinct. She pulled the key, warm from her bosom, out of its hiding place and looked at it.

CHAPTER VIII.
Jean Darnell's Ruse.

"THIS must be Miss Gallon," said a pleasant voice.

Ruth looked up to see a woman of florid beauty and dressed in somewhat extravagant style looking down at her out of great, tawny, velvet eyes. Western bred, Ruth responded amiably to this salutation, though she had not the faintest idea who the woman was.

"Yes, I am Miss Gallon."

"I am Mrs. Darnell," said the woman. "May I sit down? I am an old friend of your friend, John Dorr's. He wired me that I would find you on this train."

The life was so plausible that Ruth merely blushed, thinking that it was one more token of John Dorr's carefulness of her comfort and safety. To her inexperienced eyes this woman represented the tremendous city to which she was going. Her dress, her manner, her jewels, the evasive perfume that she affected were all strange and impressive to her. She moved over a little to allow Mrs. Darnell to sit down.

"John never spoke of you," said Ruth simply. "I did not have the faintest notion that I was to meet any of his friends. Do you live in New York?"

"Yes, I live in New York. I happened to be in Chicago, and through Mr. Everett I heard from John."

"Oh, you know Mr. Everett?" cried Ruth. "He is the man I am going to see in New York," and she went on to tell, as best she could, the gist of her mission.

It was typical of the woman to whom she was talking that she did not interrupt this naive narrative. She sat in stilted silence, occasionally allowing her great eyes to rest on Ruth's fair face with an assumption of affection. As a matter of fact, she was profoundly interested. Life had taught Jean Darnell a great many things, and among them had been the great lesson of self preservation—the saving for herself of money, of comfort, of health and of good looks. Now it was a question of money, prime among them all, and her rather keen wits saw precisely the chances which Wilkerson was taking. She recalled his oft repeated statements that there was money in "The Master Key" and his latest letters imploring her to help him get control of the stock.

When Ruth ended up with a gentle "And so I told John I'd come and see what I could do," the elder woman smiled gently. Times were not so good

with her as they had been, and if Harry Wilkerson could put this deal through and make money for them all it would simplify many a problem which she dully pondered at night.

"Mr. Everett will meet us at the train," she said briefly, "and then you can tell him all this. Meanwhile, suppose we talk about something else."

"But I can't think of anything else," said Ruth.

"Oh, you will," said Mrs. Darnell. "You can combine the pleasure of seeing New York with your little business. Mr. Everett will quickly settle that part of it, and I shall take great pleasure in showing you about Manhattan. I presume you are fond of opera?"

"I have never been to the opera," Ruth responded. "I should love to go, but when I do go I must go all alone. She went on impulsively. "I think opera must be like church—one wants to go all by oneself."

Mrs. Darnell turned very slowly and for the first time in many years revealed a secret thought: "Do you know that my only pleasant memories, my dear, are of myself?"

The bitterness of that confession, with all its implication, wholly escaped Ruth's sensitive but inexperienced mind. Yet there was something in the tone that warmed her heart to this effulgent creature. At least, she was not going into the great city all alone, nor content Mr. Everett by herself. Mrs. Darnell made her feel that she was competently protected.

When they arrived the next morning at the Grand Central station in New York city Mrs. Darnell quietly introduced her to a slim, rather handsome young man, who seemed ill at ease until he had drawn Ruth's companion aside for a moment for a chat while the porter collected their luggage.

"I don't just like this game," he said. "In the first place, Everett is a big man in the city, and this Miss Gallon doesn't look to me like a girl you could fool long. Anyway, I can't understand what you are trying to do, Jean. You must know what sort of a fellow Harry Wilkerson is by this time. Why play his hand for him?"

"I don't notice you holding any trump in your hand," she returned gently, but with a faint gleam in her eyes which made him draw back. "This is my game, and I expect you to play your part. You come on now and be George Everett. The girl is as ignorant as a pigeon. Remember what I told you."

"About that stock?" he said solemnly. "Yes, the stock. You understand that she came to New York simply to raise money for this mine. You are supposed to handle the business for her. If you don't learn all that is to be learned about 'The Master Key' mine in the next two days you are more than the fool I take you for."

She drew him back to where Ruth stood amid the suit cases and hand bags and said, "Miss Gallon, Mr. Everett has been telling me that he, too, has heard from John Dorr about your coming."

Ruth scanned him politely. But the interest died in her eyes when she saw what sort of a man he was. He might be a friend of John's; he might be the man to rescue "The Master Key" from bankruptcy, but he did not interest her.

Drake, trying to play the part of the busy broker and, being thoroughly and temperamentally an actor, felt the chill of this lack of interest and would certainly have fallen down on his part had he not been prompted by Mrs. Darnell. He was glad to hasten away to find the elusive taxi.

The real George Everett got out of his limousine on the corner of Vanderbilt avenue and hurried through the revolving doors; brisk, debonair, alert, decided; with that happy style which denies foppery and avoids surfeit. It seemed strange that he should have a photograph in his hand at which he looked intently until he got in the concourse. There he stepped and, with the picture still in his hand, commenced watching the faces of the people thronging through the gates under the vast dome. As he waited he frowned slightly.

"Why had John Dorr sent him during business hours on a wild goose chase?" He thought of this as he waited and then smiled to himself. "A wild goose!" he muttered. It brought up darkling sunset vistas, taking smooth as quicksilver under the pale moon, and slim, gray, beautiful birds homing downward. The frown left his forehead.

"After all it will be good to see somebody from out of doors," he said to himself.

Half an hour later he discovered that he had irretrievably missed the arrival of the Chicago express and with Ruth Gallon. He went back into his car and drove to his office. Once there he called his head clerk, an ancient and fragile man, as crisp and bloodless as the money that passed on Wall street, and told him to see at what hotel Miss Ruth Gallon was stop-

ping. Then he wired John Dorr: "111 Broadway, New York. Harry Wilkerson, 'Master Key' Mine, Silent Valley, Cal. Could not find Miss Gallon at train. Am seeking for her as it is important that the business be settled immediately. Wire any possible address."
GEORGE EVERETT.

Far out on Broadway, above the eighties, an operator was ticking off another message addressed to Harry Wilkerson. It read:

35 A West Eighty-fourth St., New York. Harry Wilkerson, "Master Key" Mine, via Valley Vista, Cal. Everything all right. George met Ruth. She is now with me and waiting further particulars. Have seen Everett under guise of prospective purchaser of stock. The girl is charming.
JEAN DARNELL.

Some houses, like some people, should never be illumined with sunshine, and Mrs. Darnell's residence, overlooking the Hudson, was of this type. Its dull, red stone front, marked by windows that seemed blind to all that went by, was not distinctive in that neighborhood. A thousand doors within a mile would have suggested to the passerby nothing more or less than the great oak portals within which she lived. To Ruth Gallon, of course, the house seemed tremendously formal and stately. Within she found an atmosphere so absolutely strange and alien to all she had ever known that she shrank within herself and had nothing to say until she had been conducted to her own room on the third floor and a discreet maid was busy unpacking her things. Ruth felt that society had already laid its restrictions on her. She recognized the maid as the "gown and hat" policeman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"CABIRIA"

Novelization of D'Annunzio's Spectacular Photoplay.

(Continued from yesterday.)

The worshippers recovering from their momentary horror at the sacrilege, swarmed out from the temple like angry bees.

They fell upon Croessa and tore her to pieces. But they could not find the two men who had stolen Cabiria.

Soon, however, a wine-shop keeper, Bodastore, in whose house the two had hidden, betrayed their whereabouts. And the mob was again in full pursuit. Pulvis, fleeing before them, reached the edge of a cliff that rose three hundred feet above the ocean. Amid a whirlwind of hail and stones he leaped over the cliff-edge and, down into the sea to safety.

Maciste, encumbered by the child, had become separated from his master. The pursuers close at his heels, he burst through a hedge, over a wall and into a garden. There as he sought a spot wherein to hide the sobbing Cabiria, his wondering gaze fell on a sight that made him start back in unbelieveing wonder.

CHAPTER II.
Slave and Princess.

The garden in which Maciste had sought refuge from his pursuers chanced to be that of the royal palace—the garden of Hasdrubal, ruler of Carthage. The mob had seen Maciste, the child in his arms, crash through the hedge and over the wall into the garden. His moment of respite was due to their leaders fear to set foot in that spot sacred to royalty.

As Maciste halted, panting, his eyes fell upon the most glorious beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her diaphanous robes, heavily jeweled, revealed the figure of a goddess. Her diadem head had a queenly poise. Her dark eyes glowed with the mystic fires of the east. At her side crouched a huge leopard, her pet. In earnest converse with her was a man of royal bearing, who, nevertheless, was looking at her with the adoring eyes of a slave.

Maciste did not know who this royal couple were. But any Carthaginian could have told him at a glance that the woman was Sophonisba, daughter of Hasdrubal and that the man was her affianced husband, Massinissa, king of Numidia.

The Ethiopian sharp ears told him that the mob leaders, overcoming their awe, were breaking into the garden in pursuit of him. There was no time to lose. He sprang forward and dropping on his knees before the amazed Sophonisba, thrust the child into her arms.

"Take her and protect her, for I am run to earth, and I can't guard her. Save and you shall be saved," he ended, quoting the talisman ring's inscription.

Moved by a sudden impulse of pity—perhaps not adverse to letting Massinissa see that she was gentle of heart—the princess took Cabiria from the kneeling Ethiopian and vanished with her into the garden.

It Can't Be Done!!

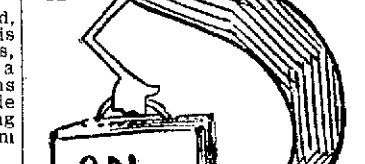


MORE ROOM WANTED.

"Gee! I wish I were as fat as you are, Uncle Bill!"

"Good heavens, why?"

"Think what a lot more I could eat Christmas and New Year if I were!"



Big Sale on FURS

IT will be decidedly worth your while to come to Milwaukee and take advantage of the astonishing low prices at Reckmeyer's January Clearing Sale.

Fur garments, even- ing furs, small fur pieces and matched sets at less than factory cost. This year's styles—no old stock. Also a complete line of auto garments for men and women. We will appreciate your presence at this sale.

Reckmeyer's

Furriers and Importers
101 Wisconsin St., Dr. Broadway, Milwaukee

Dinner Stories

The young Scot never liked his mother-in-law, and this weighed heavily on the mind of his wife, who was ill.

Calling her husband to her bed-



side, she said to him: "Sandy, lad, I'm givin' ill and I want you to gie me a promise."

"I'll promise," replied Sandy. "What is it?"

"Gee! I ken that when I dee I'll hae a fine funeral, and I want you to ride up in front in a carriage wi' my mither."

"Weel," sadly responded Sandy, "I've gied ye my word, an' it's nae me that'll gang back on that, but I'll tell ye one thing, ye've spoilt the day for me."

A young Parisian, noted for his grace and readiness as a second in many duels, had been asked by a friend to accompany him to the mayor's office and affix his signature as a witness to the matrimonial ceremony.

He consented, but when the scene was reached he awkwardly forgot himself.

Just as the mayor was ready for the last formalities, he broke out to the astonishment of all parties, with the remark:

"Gentlemen, cannot this unhappy affair be arranged? Is there no way

of preventing this sad occurrence?"

Settlement worker (visiting tenements)—"And your father is working now and getting \$10 a week? That's splendid! And how much does he put away every Saturday night, my dear?"

Little Girl—Never less than three quarts, ma'am.

Mystery of the Stomach.

Why does not the stomach digest itself? Is a question often asked. The Journal of the American Medical Association confesses that the reason has not been found. There are many theories, but not one of them is entirely satisfactory, and we are still unable to say more than Hunter said more than a century ago, "that these living cells remain intact under such circumstances, because they are alive."

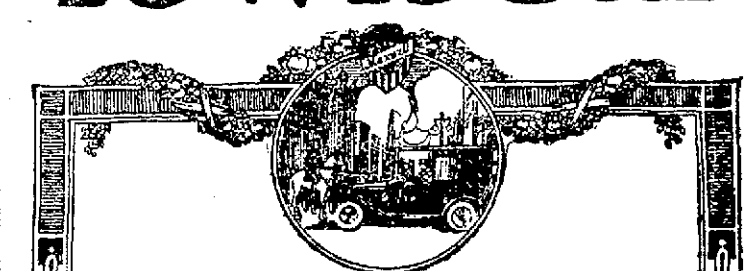
DON'T HAVE A Sore Throat

"No one need have a sore throat, if they use Benetol as directed," writes Oscar P. G. Day, famous newspaper man and originator of the direct primary elections. "There are five people in my family; everyone had sore throat, tonsillitis or quinsy incessantly every winter. For the three years we have had Benetol in the house, we have been absolutely free from one case. I absolutely assert that no one need have a sore throat. Benetol prevents."

Get a 25c bottle from your nearest drugist or send direct, enclosing 25c, stamps or coin, to Benetol Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Benetol is sold in Jansville by Smith Drug Co., 14 W. Milwaukee St., McCue & Buss, Empire Drug Store, 14 South Main.

Maxwell Town Car



The New 1915 Maxwell Town Car is fast, quiet, and very "smart" in appearance, the equal of any \$2000 closed car.

The New 1915 Model has 17 new features

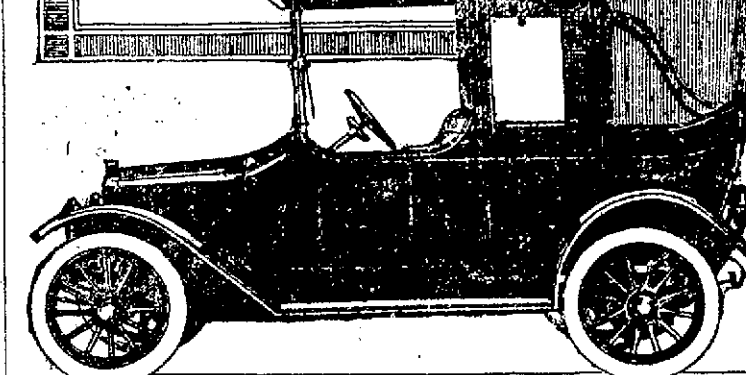
Price with full equipment \$920

The body is strong, handsome, extremely comfortable and a full six-passenger capacity.

A car with a real high tension magneto, sliding gear transmission, left hand drive center control, a car that "picks up quick" and one of the greatest hill climbers in the world.

With electric starter and electric lights \$55 extra

Holds the road at 50 miles an hour.



KEMMERER GARAGE
206-12 East Milwaukee St.
Both Phones.

E. A. KEMMERER, Prop.

WANTED FOR ADVERTISING.
In these classified
columns is one cent per word
per line. Advertisements
accepted for sale at time of
insertion. Charge accounts
not cashed.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHONIC OF INDEPENDENCE.
J. H. BROWN, 1001
N. Main St., Janesville, Wis.
PHONIC HARDWARE.
J. H. BROWN, 1001
N. Main St., Janesville, Wis.
PHONIC TALK TO LOWELL.
J. H. BROWN, 1001
N. Main St., Janesville, Wis.
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PHONIC TALK TO LOWELL.
J. H. BROWN, 1001
N. Main St., Janesville, Wis.

SITUATION WANTED, FEMALE.

Wanted position of house
keeper or cook. References
furnished. Address: 1001
N. Main St., Janesville, Wis.

SITUATION WANTED, MALE.

Wanted position of house
keeper or cook. References
furnished. Address: 1001
N. Main St., Janesville, Wis.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Wanted position of house
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WANTED—Horses to winter.

Wanted—Horses to winter. (Terms
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AUTOMOBILES

IF YOU DON'T FIND WHAT YOU
WANT here, advertise for it.

MOTORCYCLES

SECOND HAND MOTORCYCLES
are offered as good as new for your
purpose. Keep an eye on these ads
and buy one cheap.

MOTORCYCLES AND TRICYCLES

PAIRS. Knives and saws sharp-
ened. Haws filed. skates sharpened.
C. H. Cox, 609 Exchange St.
87-11-20-604-41

MONEY TO LOAN

MONEY MAY BE HAD ON good se-
curity if you are interested. There will
be no delay. Let them know through these
columns what your needs are. Give
this office as your address if you pre-
fer.

MONEY TO LOAN

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. No
commission. With all the money. At
Lawrence Ave. 304-3-6000.

MONEY TO LOAN

MONEY TO LOAN—Real estate se-
curity only. Stanley Tullman.
80-1-2-31

HARDWARE

HARDWARE can be sold at a pro-
fit and bought at a saving under this
heading.

FINANCIAL

FINANCIAL PROPOSITIONS from
first class the Gazette's investigation
to be made, before the ad appears.

EXCHANGE AND BARTER.

A CLEVERING HOUSE for every-
thing in what this page is called.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

"MANY A MARGAIN IN REAL ES-
TATE" can be picked up by daily
reading these ads. In a hurry, ad-
vertise under "Real Estate" wanted.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Mortgage. Term. 1000
dollars. Janesville. 1001 N. Main St.
Inquire J. J. Cunningham. 30-1-2-31

Farm at Auction

Thursday, January 12 at 2:30 P. M.
the farm known as the James D. Brown
farm, 10 miles south of City of
Janesville, will be sold at auction to
the highest bidder. Conditions of sale
and all details, including in first class
shape. Practically new auto. Sale
takes place on premises 4 miles west
of Janesville. Terms reasonable.
For information see Kennedy & Jones,
Wm. T. Dooley, auctioneer. 30-1-2-31

LIVESTOCK

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Poland
China hares. A. O. Douglas, Rte. 4,
Janesville, Postville. 21-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Poland China hares. R. E.
Wideman, Rte. 4, Rock Co. phone.
21-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Poland
China hares. A. O. Douglas, Rte. 4,
Janesville, Postville. 21-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Good Jersey cows. P. S.
Flieger, Rte. 8, Janesville. 21-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Ten months old Poland
China hares. Ed. Malone, R. D. No. 11
Alton. 21-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Duroc Jersey; a few
choice spring hams; also brood
sows. W. W. Little, Rte. 7, Bell
phone 5042 Rock. 21-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Immature Berkshire
hogs. Charles A. Janesville. 21-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Herd Duroc Jersey
hogs. E. H. Parker & Son,
2 miles east of Janesville. 21-1-2-31

HORSES AND CARRIAGES

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN buy-
ing or selling a horse or carriage?
Place your advertisement here and
your desires will be accomplished.

FOR SALE—Having no use for
gentle, round 12-year-old family
horse, with two harness, buggy, light
wagon and cutter, will sell cheap.
Rock Co. phone 1063. 21-1-2-31

POULTRY AND HOUSEHOLD PETS

SOMEONE WANTS what you
have or has just what you want—ad-
vertise.

FOR SALE—Twelve fruit Orpington
poultry. P. S. Flieger, Rte. 8,
Janesville. 21-1-2-31

FARMERS' ATTENTION

FARMERS SAVE MONEY by read-
ing these ads. They give you a lot of
useful information. 30-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Do Laval separators and
full stock of repairs. Nitscher
Implement Co. 30-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Three 350-pound and
one 700-pound new Sharpless Cream
separators. At less than cost. One 1/2
hp. 1/2 ton. 1/2 ton. 1/2 ton. 1/2 ton.
Nitscher Implement Co. 30-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Old truck, for coal or
ash at a bargain. Gazette.
13-1-2-31

FOR SALE—First class horse or cow
feed. \$1 per hundred weight. 1001
N. Main St. 13-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Single type rack with
complete lot of new type equip-
ment. Very low price if taken at once. The
Zeta Office. 13-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Large warehouse build-
ing. 7000 sq. ft. made of brick. 1001
N. Main St. 13-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Large map of Rock
County showing all roads, school
houses, churches, towns, villages,
offices, railroads, farms, with number
of acres and all information. Price
on strong binder. 1001 N. Main St.
13-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Large map of Rock
County showing all roads, school
houses, churches, towns, villages,
offices, railroads, farms, with number
of acres and all information. Price
on strong binder. 1001 N. Main St.
13-1-2-31

LOST AND FOUND

VALUABLE articles are restored to
their owners by means of these little
Gazette ads.

LOST—Thursday, K. of C. watch
chain. Finder please return to
Gazette or 538 Sp. Main. 21-1-2-31

LOST—Black Robe, Tux, 9:00 o'clock
N. Main St. Please leave at
McNair's. 25-1-2-31

LOST—White Fox Terrier Dog.
When last seen was wearing a red
awenter. Reward \$5.00. 108 N.
Main St. 25-1-2-31

LOST—Bull terrier pup. Finder call
380 Hall phone or leave at Mahoney's
320 S. Locust. 25-1-2-31

LOST—Pink gold K. C. cut link
chain. Finder call 380 Hall phone or
leave at Mahoney's 320 S. Locust.
Please return to Gazette. 25-1-2-31

AUCTIONS

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET—En-
titled "Auction Sales and How to
Prepare for Them," containing a lot of
useful information on getting up an
auction and the arrangement of de-
tails. A post card will bring it. Ad-
dress The Janesville Gazette. 30-1-2-31

STORAGE

FOR RENT—Room of brick
building on Bluff street, next Park
hotel. Can be used for repair shop or
storage, and includes office at front of
building. Inquire at Gazette. 40-1-2-31

STRAYED

RETURN whatever you find to this
office and we will locate the owner.
Remember the Golden Rule.

MISCELLANEOUS

"WHEN YOU DON'T FIND IT" also
where you will usually find it adver-
tised here.

HAVE YOUR HUGS CLEANED AND
sized. The Janesville Steam Dry
Works. Have our wagon call.
27-1-2-31

REPAIRS PAID. Auto and spruce
overhaul. Harry Kayser, New
phone 707. Old phone 1063.
27-1-2-31

FOR SALE—Old newspapers, 5 cents
a bundle. Gazette Office. 13-1-2-31

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. JAMES MILLS
SPECIALIST
Eye, Ear, Nose and
Throat
Glasses Properly Fitted.

DR. A. L. Burdick
Practice limited to diseases of
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
Glasses of all kinds accurately fitted.
Suite 221 Hayes Block.

DR. EDITH BARTLETT
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office hours: 1 p. m. to 5 p. m.
Both phones in office. Residence
phone 073.

Patent Attorney

RICHARD B. CALDWELL,
formerly of Morsell & Caldwell, Pat-
ents, Trade Marks and Copyrights.
815 Majestic Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

W. B. Sullivan, Agency

Everything in
INSURANCE
202 Jackson Building
Rock Co. Phone 261. Bell Phone 485

W. H. BLAIR

Architect
Bell Phone 477.
Room 300 Jackson Bldg.

PIANO TUNING

If you want your piano tuned or re-
paired call me up on either phone.
Geo. T. Packard.
Both Phones.

FOR SALE

1 Underwood Typewriter No. 5 in
good condition.
E. T. FISH
Both Phones.

FOR SALE

80 acres of good land, good build-
ings, about two miles from Janes-
ville.
J. E. KENNEDY,
Janesville, Wis. Sutherland Block.

SCOTT & JONES

City and country properties for
sale.
Farms a specialty.
Call and see us.
415 Hayes Bldg.

NOTICE TO FARMERS AND TRAPPERS

Highest prices paid for raw furs
and hides.
KENNEDY & LAKE
Old phone 82. 119 N. Main St.

OXYGEN WELDING

Steam and Hot Water Heating.
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